this will be a statue—one of Valour, the other of Vigilance; and a series of shields, with the arms of the cities and men who did best service in that hour of need, will ornament the base.

FROM the description, the design would seem to want unity and originality. But it is said to be bold in execution; and the memorial at least is creditable to the patriotism which subscribed £4,800. The two statues of Valour and Vigilance cannot be finished for some time; but their gaps will be filled by two cannon of the period from the Woolwich Arsenal.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Did a lady walk up St. James's Street a week ago attended by an otter? I do not know; but twenty years ago I saw an otter delighted to attend an equally charming friend. The place, too, was at least equal to St. James's Street. It was where the Tay pours its broad flood through Dunkeld, the fragrant Birnam wood nodding all around, and the old cathedral resting, a mass of grey, on the carpet of green. A hundred yards or more above the ruin stood the house of a game-keeper, who also kept the ferry-boat on the river. It was a blazing August, and before crossing we begged a draught of milk. The keeper's daughter poured it from a foaming pitcher, and had the jug still in her hand when one of the most beautiful of living creatures leaped into her arms. With dark eyes, flashing teeth, sleek body, smooth skin, and infinite sinuosities of curving movement, the lithe young otter showered caresses upon his embarrassed mistress. Laughing and blushing, the Scotch girl stood like a rock, holding the milk at the full length of one arm, while with the other she in vain tried to defend lips and eyes and bosom from the riotous assault of her eager pet. All this was inside the cottage, and not twenty feet from the door rolled the river which, as the girl explained to us, was still the proper home of the wild thing that had learnt to love her. 'How long will this last?' we asked, as the beautiful beast, now at rest, blinked happily at us from within her strong arms. 'What do you say, father?' she in turn asked of the keeper. 'It will last,' he answered, 'till some fine morning he finds a wife for himself out there in the river. And then he will leave my daughter.' The displeasing prophecy broke up our lingering circle. The girl moved on to the river to pull our boat across by the rope. We—younger then than now—sent back many and admiring acknowledgments. But the last thing we saw was the otter—a young beast, no doubt, but, according to my recollection, about two feet long from snout to tail—now dancing in the stream before its mistress, its body quivering with the delight of living, and its eyes flashing with glee—till, at last, catching sight of the moving rope, it seized it in its white teeth, and with immeasurable delight seemed to itself to help her task once more!"

DAWN IN EXILE.

I AM a bankrupt by this petty war,
This play of pasteboard and of puppet wit,
Of Night for ever slinking to admit
A tiresome Morning in a tinsel car.
Is there no larger bribe to slip the bar
Than day, too dear at half we pay for it?
Has East no boon for us, no window lit
But by a theft upon the Western Star?

O Hesperus! O happy star!—to bend
O'er Helen's pillow in the trancéd West,
To watch the hours heave by upon her breast
And on her parted lip for dreams attend,—
If dawn defraud thee, how shall I be deemed,
Who house within that bosom, and am dreamed?

THE HOUSE OF POVERTY.

IT stands between the street and the harbour; a stone's-throw beyond the ferry and the archway where the toll-keeper used to live. You may know it by its exceeding dilapidation, and by the clouds of steam that issue on the street from one of its windows. The sill of the window stands a bare foot above the causeway, and glancing down into the room as you pass, you may happen to spy the shoulders of an old woman bending over a wash-tub. Three weeks ago there were two women. But the younger is dead.

They were Sarah and Ann Polgrain, mother and daughter, who occupied two rooms in the house and were twisted with rheumatic fever about once in every six months. For this they paid one shilling a week rent. If you lift the latch and push the front door open, you seem at first to be looking down a well: for a flight of thirty-two steps plunges straight from the threshold to the quay door, and a square of green water there. When the sun lies on the water at the bottom of this dim funnel it gives a pretty effect; but the cold wind that rushes up the stairway and into the steaming room where the wash-tubs stand will explain the rheumatic fever to you.

On the right of the stairway, facing Sarah Polgrain's door, is another, behind which lives a middle-aged man, who was once a sailor but now works on the jetties. He has one room and pays sixpence a week. The rest of the house is tenanted by a working block-maker with his wife and four children; a widow, and her son just returned from sea with an ailing chest; and a young couple who have no children as yet. But these do not come into the story.

Sarah Polgrain is sixty, or thereabouts, has a large pale face, and speaks slowly, which may come from her habit of carrying pins in her mouth. If any man had wanted to kiss her during the last thirty years (and it is unlikely), he would have found it difficult. She has been fighting starvation all her life, and wears her wretchedness more easily than she carries her limbs, because of the fever.

Her daughter, Ann, who died the other day at the age of thirty-five, was a very different woman—strenuous and restless, a rebel, half by nature and half by fortune. She married a man and loved him. He went to sea and was never heard of again. Thereupon Ann rebelled.

She said, "God has done this to me. I am no man, to go and revenge myself by breaking all the Commandments boldly; but I am a woman, and therefore can suffer. Let Him do His worst: I defy Him."

So she never set foot inside church again. And when the fever wrenched at her arms and hips as she stood by the wash-tub, she set her teeth and said, "I can stand it. I can match all this with contempt. He can kill, but that's not beating me."

Of course she was desperately foolish. Her mother, who knew as little as she why one human being suffers and another is glad, watched her with eyes full of trouble, and wondered that this daughter could not let the riddle go, and take life apathetically, as she herself took it. Her own phrase was—

"Oh, yes; the poor have hard measure, in these parts."

And this was just a formula, expressing plenty of conviction, but nothing more.

There was another person who watched Ann carefully during this period of her life—the middle-aged man who worked on the jetties. I do not know that he ever spoke to her beyond giving a "Good-morning" when they met on the stairway, or showed any particular interest except by knocking at her mother's door, and inquiring about her once a day, whenever she was down with the fever. But he watched her, from time to time, with eyes screwed up after the fashion of men who have been much at

sea, and lips softly whistling a tune. The tune was always the same—that which they call the "Riding-song of Troy," a local air that the fife-and-drum band plays on Feast-day. The man was a native of the port, and it was understood that he and Ann had been pretty well acquainted before he went off on his first voyage.

One day, when Ann was sitting out after a bad attack, the penultimate one as it turned out, he put his head in at the door and nodded.

"Can you hold out?" he asked, as if it were an ordinary question.

"Yes," answered Ann, "I can suffer. What else have I been trained to?"

She looked around the room as she spoke. Old Sarah, who was wringing out a nightgown, not at all viciously, turned on the man and inquired—

"What is that to you?"

The man pursed up his mouth to whistle, but paused a moment as if waiting for Ann to say more.

"Don't be feared," she assured him, "I'm not to be beat."

He took his head out of the doorway, and went off whistling.

When the end came Ann had no hard struggle. Perhaps God is accustomed to be defied by men; at any rate, He never gave a kinder death. She fell into unconsciousness, breathed quietly for a couple of hours, and slept at last as if she had never known a rebellious thought. The door of the middle-aged man was standing ajar when her mother went to announce that it was over.

"Dead?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows.

The old woman uttered a tearless sob and fell back on her formula.

"Ah, the poor have hard measure, in these parts!"

He pulled over the one chair in the room, fixed its rickety leg and made her sit in it, then he took a turn around the room whistling his old tune, and halted at last in front of her.

"You mind the *Harvest Maid*—her that was wrecked in the Gulf o' Florida?"

"How shu'd I? We've other things to mind, hereabouts."

"No, I s'pose you wudn': on'y I reckoned you might ha' heard the name. She was a Liverpool vessel, a fruit-ship, an' I sailed my third an' last voyage in her. I was the on'y man aboard from this port; the rest came from Lord knows where. Well, she went on a rock, an' me an' five others was picked off, an' taken care of, an' found our way at last to New Or-leens—I wonder you never heard o' all this, me an' Ann bein' so friendly in times past, afore she gave me the right-about-face."

"Well, I didn'."

"Don't go: but keep your seat. Well, me an' my mates found ourselves in a hell, there, one night—a sort o' capperouse, ha'af drink and ha'af cards. There was a lot o' singin', too, an' by'n-by I struck up wi' the old Ridin'-song, bein' the on'y song I knew; when, afore you cou'd say 'knife,' up starts a chap at the far end o' the room, by the counter where the bottles an' glasses was, an' runs out o' the place. By my body, his face was sick and sick. I can see en now amongst all the 'baccy smoke an' gilding, framed like death. That was Dick."

"Dick!"

"Ann's husband—your son-in-law—him that we reckoned drowned. I never saw en agen; but I learnt enough from the bar-keeper to make Ann, that's lyin' i' the next room, start up in her clay-cold flesh."

There was a pause, and the old woman said heavily—

"I thank 'ee kindly for keepin' this from Ann. 'Twud ha' broke her. You've been oncommon kind."

The man, who had fallen to pacing the room anew, wheeled round.

"You old fool!" he cried. "Do 'ee think 'twas for *that* I kep' silence? Look here, an' let me speak the stark truth. Your daughter, Ann, did me evil. I offered to be her man an' she wudn'. Well, when I sees Dick out there, livin' his vile life, thinks I, 'I'll say nothin'. Ann 'll give en up for lost, an' by'n-by some new man 'll set eyes on her. Then,' says I, 'her banns 'll be called in church, an' I'll be quits that hour wi' Ann Polgrain.'"

He turned to continue his walk, and, after a moment, added more softly—

"But Ann was more than I reckoned her, you see, an' knocked my plan to flinders. Who'd ha' dreamt of her floutin' Providence as she did?"

But there was no answer. The old woman had crept from the room, and silence fell on the House of Poverty. Q.

AUSTRALIAN FINANCE.

MELBOURNE, August 4th, 1890.

DURING the past month Parliament has been worrying over the Government Railway Bill, and though other subjects have been discussed, nothing else has really been thought of, so that virtuous politicians declare the House to be demoralised. The curious upshot is, that while the Bill is savagely denounced, and has few very warm friends, the Government is on the whole stronger than when the discussion began. The secret of the unpopularity is simple. Scarcely a man gets as much as he wanted for his district, and many get nothing at all. At first the idea was to supplement the work of the Ministry without throwing out the Bill. A Caucus of members from both sides of the House met together for several days, took an engagement of loyalty to one another, and drew up a list of additional railways which ought to be constructed. Even before the Caucus had finished its labours this list was already discredited. Discontented members wanted 4,000 miles more than Mr. Gillies had given, and the Caucus, sobered by the responsibilities of its self-imposed task, only saw its way to recommend 400. The Premier knew where to resist, and where to give way. He refused to give any weight to the Caucus recommendations, but prepared a supplementary list of his own, adding 300 more miles; and the English creditor is to be reconciled to this new expense by a proviso that not more than two millions shall be expended in any given year. Under this programme, it will take seven years at least before any district left out of the present scheme can be accommodated.

It need hardly be said that the disappointment is great; and yet the necessity for husbanding our resources is so well understood that no one dares to talk of a larger loan. There is, however, a general feeling that our engineers are too conservative, and that in many parts of the country the wants of the settlers might be supplied for many years by tramways or lines of the American type, with light earthworks, light rails, and light rolling-stock, and without fences or stations. It so happens that a tramway of this kind has been successfully inaugurated in a district where there were no engineering difficulties, and has stood the test of a month's traffic. Accordingly it is proposed to take evidence before a Select Committee of the House as to the feasibility of extending this plan indefinitely; and the Premier has already declared himself willing to increase the advance of £2,000 a mile, which a district making a tramway may now claim, to £3,000. I confess to regarding this concession with considerable apprehension. The builders of State railways are responsible to Parliament, and the directors of private companies to their shareholders; but the responsibility of a shire-council constructing a railway with a Government subsidy is an unknown quantity. If the works are left incomplete, or are finished so roughly as to be useless in a year's time, I take it the long-suffering State will have to come to the rescue and complete and run the lines. It may easily happen that railways contracted for at £3,000 a mile will ultimately cost more

than if the official estimate of £7,000 or £8,000 had been accepted. In this case, what now seems the advantage of getting double the mileage will have been dearly purchased.

However, the Railway Bill has been interrupted by the Budget. It is not a sensational one this year; but it is eminently satisfactory, telling an uniform tale of well-sustained progress. In deference to the criticisms that were made last year on our traditional method of book-keeping, the Premier has on this occasion credited the last year with all expenditure that was actually made, though it may not have been authorised by Parliament. In spite of this, he brings over a balance of £465,747 from last year, and expects to take over £67,093 to next year. As Mr. Gillies has always hitherto under-estimated his surplus, and allows for a falling off in Customs, which many think problematical, the chances are that he is on the safe side. The anticipated falling off in the receipts from railways, in consequence of the construction of new lines, will be provided for out of revenue; and we are to economise £420,000 on the amount spent last year on roads and bridges, light-houses and defence works. Even so, our expenditure on these objects will amount to nearly three-quarters of a million, independent of about half as much which we divide every year among the local bodies as a subsidy. If the English creditor ever has to foreclose upon our territory, he will find that it has been liberally developed by money raised in taxes among ourselves, as well as by the capital for which we have gone to Lombard Street.

While I am on the subject of Victorian finance, let me allude to a matter in which we are deeply interested, and in which we think that we have not been very well treated by the Imperial Government. We applied some years ago to the Home authorities for an Act to legalise the investment of Trust funds in colonial securities. The matter has been hung up ever since. We did not grumble at first, as we knew that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was busy converting consols; and it was only natural that he should object to creating a rival security, in which those who elected to be paid off might invest. That objection, however, has long ceased to be operative. The pretext sometimes put forward that the British bondholder could not recover against a Colonial Government is too flimsy to bear examination. The Bank of England suspended cash payments for more than twenty years during the great war and afterwards, and the English holder of Bank-notes had no remedy; but the inconvenience was found very tolerable, because it was known that the State would ultimately redeem its engagements. As matters stand, no one anticipates even a temporary suspension of colonial credit; but if we should overborrow, or be crippled by a war, self-interest would constrain us to tax ourselves and realise on every available security, that we might not lose the command of British capital. We could administer our own insolvent estate far more efficiently and economically than any foreign creditor under a judgment of Court. Just now some of us are feeling a little cynical satisfaction over events in South America. We hold that if national character be taken into account as the true foundation of credit, there has been no time when the poorest Australian colony ought not to have been able to borrow on three times as good terms as Brazil or the Argentine Confederation. The wealthy firms which engineer loans for those half-civilised States, are of course justified in doing the best they can for their clients; but we think the British Government might fairly introduce a measure which would raise the value of Colonial stocks, and which would at the same time allow the numerous holders of trust-funds to get higher interest for their money. Mr. Goschen is popularly believed to be the only obstacle to the adoption of a scheme in which English legists and statesmen generally appear to see no particular difficulty.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

Sir,—"E. D." supposes that he has found differences of opinion on this question among those who profess to follow Mr. Gladstone. But, when he comes to state what these differences are, he points to questions of the future relations of the several parts of the Empire. But these questions have nothing whatever to do with the next Home Rule Bill; they are connected with matters that will not arise until after the Bill is passed.

It is notorious that no two statesmen could be found who differ more completely as to the future relations of the several parts of the Empire than Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley. Lord Rosebery has said that he cares more for the continued unity of the Empire than for any other political object; and it is well known that Mr. John Morley desires the Empire to break up into a number of independent States as eagerly as did the late Mr. John Bright; yet Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley agreed upon Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886; and there was nothing illogical or disingenuous in their doing so, for they saw that their paths would diverge after, and not before, the full recognition of Ireland's nationality had been obtained.

What we want to make up our minds upon is, how are we to recognise Irish nationality in a way that will completely satisfy the Irish people and at the same time will not seriously injure the other parts of the Empire? I again contend, what I have already contended in your columns, that the plan Mr. Gladstone holds out, and which the Liberal party supports him in, is nothing less than the old Bill of 1886 *plus* the retention of the Irish members; and I again quote as evidence that I am right in this contention, Mr. Gladstone's own words published in the *Daily News* of the 2nd of August last:—"The changes in the plan of Home Rule on which Mr. Caine has formed his own judgment, as he is entitled to do, are those only which have been stated very fully in speeches made long ago by myself and probably others."

If any further changes are to be made in the plan of 1886, I submit that they ought to be in the direction of extending and not of curtailing the powers of the Irish Parliament. For the only politicians who have declared themselves to be doubtful as to whether they would support Home Rule or not, are those who desired the retention of the Irish members; and if this retention is the effective condition they suppose, they at least can have no reason for putting any limit whatever to the powers of the Irish Parliament over Irish affairs.

Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade, however, still implies that he has some further scruple; and I again submit that he is not dealing fairly with the party to which he professes to belong, in refusing to tell us what it is.—I remain, yours faithfully,

E. J. C. Morton.

Home Rule Union, 9, Bridge Street, S.W.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Speaker Office.
Friday, Sept. 19th, 1890.

"When that Aprille, with his showrës swoot,
The drought of March hath pierced to the root,
. . . . . .
Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

BUT we cannot all always go on pilgrimages where and when we would, and when circumstances keep us at home, it is a relief to speak of places that we would gladly visit if we could. When we cannot see green fields, it is pleasant to babble of them. With your permission I should like to babble for a little about a place I have long wished to see—the island of St. Kilda—and to say why it is a place of interest for the literary pilgrim.

This is how Collins sings of St. Kilda, in his Ode on the superstitions of the Highlands:—

"But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main."

This is doubtless as true now as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. St. Kilda is the westernmost of the Hebrides. It is the most isolated of our Western Islands. All through the winter its small population are cut off from all communication with the mainland. A few tourist steamers touch there

in the course of the summer season. Every now and then one sees a Post Office announcement that a mail will be despatched to St. Kilda on a certain date—as if it were a forlorn island in the Pacific.

St. Kilda—I don't suppose that many people have strong literary associations with the name. And yet the lone island—"placed far amid the melancholy main"—has several curious points of attachment to our literary history. Martin's "Voyage to St. Kilda" is the first notable book of travels in Scotland. An expanded version of this book—Martin's "Western Islands"—fell into Samuel Johnson's hands when he was a boy, and first roused the curiosity which was finally satisfied by his famous Tour. The same book inspired Collins's Ode, from which I have just quoted. Boswell at one time thought of buying St. Kilda—the highest possible compliment to its notoriety. Dr. Johnson strongly advised him to do so, and offered to be his Lord Chancellor; but the project fell through. Macaulay's great-uncle wrote—or, at least, put his name to—a book about St. Kilda, bad enough in some respects to avenge by anticipation Macaulay's onslaught on Johnson's biographer.

The fact is, that it is not too much to say that Martin's "Voyage to St. Kilda" was the germ of the romantic interest in Scotland. Its influence, direct and indirect, was out of all proportion to its literary merits. It kept curiosity about Scottish Highlanders and Islanders alive for several generations, and told eventually, through a curious train of circumstances, on Sir Walter Scott. The fortunes of Martin's book are a curious instance of how great things and small hang together in the web of events.

Martin made his voyage in the year 1797. Once a year the Steward of St. Kilda sailed there to collect his dues. Remote as the island was, it paid rent to a Macleod of Skye. Martin went with him. At that time there was a great revival of pastoral poetry, signalised, among other things, by Dryden's translation of Virgil. Martin was a scholarly man, and saw the St. Kildans through the spectacles of the pastoral poets. He found in the small community—180 souls all told—a realisation of the Golden Age, a people of primitive simplicity and virtue, unacquainted with the use of gold and silver, free from the luxuries and the vices of civilisation, a temperate race of fishers and fowlers, generous, hospitable, fond of music, poetry, and dancing, their ambition limited to feats of courage and dexterity in rock-climbing.

Martin's picture of the interesting St. Kildans was so well received that he expanded it in a second edition into a description of the Western Islands generally. Here he touched the ground of romance. It was from him that Englishmen got their first ideas about the Scottish Highlanders, soon after forced into notice by the Jacobite risings—their patriarchal clan system, their loyalty to their chiefs, their savage feuds, their picturesque superstitions, their seers, and their bards. Martin was a pioneer of Macpherson.

But he rendered a greater service to literature when he inspired Collins's Ode, and through it helped to kindle the genius of Scott. The Scotland of the Ode, "fancy's land," the genial nurse of the poetic child, whose every vale "shall prompt the poet and his song demand," is the Scotland of Martin's description, transfigured by a true poet's imagination. All the popular superstitions "considered" by Collins as "the subject of poetry," and recommended as such to his friend Home, were drawn from Martin's "Western Islands."

It was Home, the author of *Douglas*—the now forgotten hero concerning whom his proud countryman asked, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?"—whom Collins charged to take his themes from the popular legends of his native land.

> "Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold,
> The native legends of thy land rehearse:
> To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse."

Home did not obey his friend's invocation; perhaps he was not strong enough: but by a happy accident the message intended for him was delivered to a stronger poet at a moment when that poet was predisposed to hear.

Collins's Ode, a potent factor in the romantic movement, had a romantic history which has not attracted as much attention as it deserves. It was not published till long after its unhappy author's death. It was for a long time supposed to be lost. In his Life of Collins, Johnson relates how the Wartons called upon the poet one day after his mind began to be clouded, and how he read to them, among other poems, an Ode on the superstitions of the Highlands, inscribed to Home, the author of *Douglas*; that this poem was not found among his papers at his death, and that Home had lost his copy of it. Thirty years after the death of Collins, Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, reading this passage in Johnson, suddenly bethought him that he had seen such a poem among the papers of a deceased friend of Home's and his own, which had come into his hands. He made search, and found the Ode in the handwriting of Collins—the original draft, apparently, with the author's deletions and changes, and here and there the place of an epithet or a rhyme left blank. A whole page of the MS., containing a stanza and a half, was missing.

Home, apparently, had carried the MS. north with him after his visit to England in 1749, and lent it to a friend. The Ode was read by Dr. Carlyle to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784, and was printed in their Transactions in 1788, and thence copied into the *Scots Magazine*, and thus made public. The blanks in the MS. were filled up by Carlyle and Henry Mackenzie, but their completions were carefully indicated in the print, so that this version of the poem is more trustworthy than the edition published afterwards in the same year under the countenance of the Wartons.

By this curious chance Collins's Ode was recovered. It was reserved to be a nine days' talk for the *literati* of Edinburgh, at a time when the Modern Athens was an active literary centre. And moving among the *literati* of the time, a modest listener to their talk, sharing their interests with the intensity of genius, was a youth on whom the exhortation addressed to Home fell as seed on prepared ground. Walter Scott was then seventeen, but already an enthusiastic collector of popular ballads.

> "Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold,
> The native legends of thy land rehearse!"

It was as if the exhortation had been kept back till it could fall with opportune force on a mind prepared to hear, understand, and act. It is a curious instance of accident serving the purpose of Destiny in literature. There is not a superstition mentioned in Collins's Ode that Scott did not embody in poem or romance. It was a striking prophecy, and it is stranger still if it did not help its own fulfilment.

All this grew out of St. Kilda. Scotland owes a debt to her little neighbour. If the lonely island and its strange folk had not attracted "M. Martin, Gent.," as he styled himself on his title-page, we should not have had Collins's Ode. If the Ode had not been written or not recovered—I do not say we should have had no Sir Walter, but the Ode came opportunely to "spur the sides of his intent."

W. M.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION AND POLITICS OF GERMANY.

ÉTUDES SUR L'ALLEMAGNE POLITIQUE. Par André Lebon. Paris: E. Plon. 1890.

IT is a singular instance of the indifference felt in England for constitutional inquiries in general, and for the study of contemporary foreign politics, that no book exists in English treating with adequate knowledge and thoroughness of the character and working of the Government of the Germanic Empire. This Empire is one of the most remarkable creations of our time, whether we regard it as a new species of constitutional monarchy, much more monarchical than the English or Belgian or Italian, or as a new kind of federation, differing from the familiar type which America and Austro-Hungary present. M. André Lebon, one of that trained band of publicists and teachers whom M. Boutmy has gathered round him in the École Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris, gives us in this small but well-filled volume a clear and succinct account of the political events which led up to the establishment of the Empire in 1871, and a sketch both of its constitution and of that of the Prussian Kingdom. His style has less brightness and finish than M. Boutmy's, and the manner of treatment is altogether practical, tending to dryness, and eschewing personal pictures or philosophical reflections. However, the matter derives an interest from the confidence which the accuracy and thoroughness of the author's method inspire (not to dwell on such small errors as calling the late Sovereign the *Emperor* Frederick III.). He has made a careful study of the topic; he writes in a scientific spirit, showing little signs of French resentment against the invaders of 1870.

M. Lebon holds that the present Germanic constitution is destined to a short life. He points to the very abnormal relations of the Prussian Kingdom and Landtag to the German Empire and Reichstag. He shows that a system which creates a strong popular assembly, largely democratic in its character, yet refuses it the control of many important affairs, can work only because there is a willingness to yield to the Sovereign, and allow his personal authority to prevail. He shows also that this submissiveness, though partly due to tradition, and largely due to the long ascendency of one vigorous mind and iron will, is mainly due to the alarm which the existence of two great and unfriendly Powers on their eastern and western borders inspires in the German people. Such a singular combination of circumstances cannot last many years. Already the downfall of Bismarck from power, and the appearance of William the Second as an actually ruling as well as reigning monarch, has altered the position. The advances of the Liberals or "Freisinnige Partei," as well as of the Socialists, further threaten that system of governing by a combination of Conservative and Monarchical parties which has prevailed for the last fifteen years.

It may safely be concluded that at the end of the next thirty years the constitution and government of Germany will have vastly altered from internal causes, even should no great war with France or Russia disturb the territorial position of the Empire. M. Lebon, who writes as a scientific constitutionalist, not as a political prophet, ventures on no prediction, but one gathers his view to be that the monarchical principle is likely to decline, rather than to grow. He is profoundly impressed by the increase of Socialistic strength, and conceives that the ideas which move this party are now becoming more potent than the idea of nationality.

"Dans cette armée socialiste qui avance pas à pas, mais dont il est encore impossible d'apprécier exactement la force, réside le secret de l'avenir politique de l'Allemagne. Nulle part la 'démocratie sociale' ne s'est aussi puissamment organisée, aussi rapidement developpée; nulle part elle ne se heurte à moins d'obstacles sérieux. Tout lui profite: et les doctrines prussiennes sur l'État, et l'unité allemande, et l'autonomie municipale, et la caserne. Lassalle, il ne faut pas l'oublier, a été l'un des premiers inspirateurs de M. de Bismarck; les héritiers du socialiste commanderont quelque jour peut-être aux successeurs du chancelier. L'unité germanique ne se soutient aujourd'hui que par la crainte de l'étranger; mais cette crainte même s'use avec le temps, par les appels trop répétés qu'y font les gouvernants. N'est-il pas vraisemblable que l'unité ne sera vraiment fondée que si le courant des revendications sociales passant sur l'Allemagne entière, rompt les frêles digues derrières lesquelles s'abritent encore le particularisme et l'absolutisme des princes, et opère la fusion des éléments si disparates de l'Empire?"

In our view, which is not quite that of M. Lebon, it is not so much in alterations of the federal arrangements of Germany, as in a re-settlement of the Parliamentary system, and a shifting of the governing forces of the nation, that the coming changes will consist. The constitution of the Empire as it has hitherto stood has been largely due to the predominance of a single strong-willed statesman, who, resting upon the undeviating support of an aged Sovereign, and profiting by the divisions of his opponents, was permitted to govern almost as a virtual dictator. Now that he has quitted the scene, the cohesion of the fabric has been sensibly weakened. It may be that for some time to come the difficulty of getting together a permanent Parliamentary majority—the Reichstag being still broken up into sections, none of which amounts to one half of the whole—may retard the full establishment of Parliamentary government. Still, the tide seems likely to run in that direction; and future Ministers are less likely to attempt to openly defy the representatives of the people than Bismarck more than once showed himself, and showed himself with impunity.

ADAM SEDGWICK.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ADAM SEDGWICK. Two vols. Cambridge. 1890.

THIS is a colossal book, conceived, executed, and published gigantically. Interesting as much of it is, we feel it our duty to protest against its size. Were the life of individual man as prolonged in its duration as a geologic period, then might the biography of a Woodwardian Professor of Geology lawfully extend to two stout volumes octavo; but under the present dispensation, with our poor threescore years and ten, our frequent hours of depression and ill-health, our occasional journeys in far countries, our too numerous duties, and our impetuous publishers, the thing is not lawful, but an outrage. It is a pity too, for "Old Sedge," as grey-headed men were wont to call him in their "salad days," was a fine stout-hearted Yorkshireman, who fired the imagination and talked much sense and excellent nonsense in his day, which was a long one. A life of him in one slim volume would have travelled far, been widely read, and done much good. Yorkshiremen would have bought it, Cambridge men all the world over would have bought it, geologists would have bought it, East Anglia would have added it to its library, and so on—but as it comes from the hands of Messrs. Clark and Hughes it will find a permanent resting-place in few private houses. There is no truth more generally recognised or more shamefully neglected than that a great book is a great evil. Mr. Clark admits with much candour that Sedgwick was too discursive, not to say long-winded, as a lecturer, but he has not remembered that what is only venial sin in a lecturer is mortal in a biographer.

We have no quarrel with the seventy pages that tell the tale, often in Sedgwick's own graphic words, of his birth and boyhood in Dent, in the parish of Sedbergh. The Yorkshire dales are better worth writing about than even Trinity College, Cambridge. Sedgwick's account of the manners and customs of the dalesmen is most delightful and valuable, and as he first "cried out" in the Vicarage of Dent on the 22nd of March, 1785, his excellent memory carried him back some way. In his old age he loved to dwell upon the life that used to be led in these